

The Only Way to Get It Right is to Get It Wrong

Story: The Only Way to Get It Right is to Get It Wrong

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Summary: (One-Shot, Flameshipping) Gareth takes a late night stroll while pondering himself...

***Chapter 1*: The Only Way to Get It Right is to Get It Wrong**

The Only Way to Get It Right is to Get It Wrong

Garet tossed and turned in his sleep, trying to shake the thoughts in his head. No matter how hard he tried these days, it grew increasingly difficult to shun the comments and insults that went his way:

"Oaf."

"Moron."

"Idiot."

"Klutz."

"Dumbass."

He turned in his bed, trying to shake the thoughts from his mind. He wanted to be pleasant, to be happy while he tried to win her affection. Sadly, the words of pain kept at him, constantly reminding him of his faults.

He was far from being the most intelligent in the village, but he was nowhere near the smartest, either. He lacked social graces, always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. He continued to cause accidents, be it burning up his family kitchen when he tried to cook or angering Jenna when he accidentally lost her birthday present.

He was far from being worthy of her.

A fool he was, that was certain. And a dumb fool for certain. He didn't know why he continued to waste her time, trying to get her affection, when she had others that could please her far better than he could.

Course, should he stop trying, he would feel empty inside. Not even the knowlege of having her brother stop stalking him would heal that wound.

Unable to sleep, he rose from his bed, throwing on a robe that Mia had made for him. When they had begun rebuilding Vale, Mia had spent her time trying to cheer people up, and making the villagers robes had definitely made many happy. Though it affected him little, if at all.

Exiting the house, he strolled through the mess of timber and tents. It had been almost a year since they returned to find their homes wreaked, almost a year since they save the world.

Almost a year since the insults began to haunt him.

When she had been captured, he had been just as obsessed as Isaac to rescue her, yet over time, it seemed that he was more conserned about her than Isaac. As they progressed, they managed to find her, and waves of relief fell over him.

It was on their journey home that he had recieved a visit from her brother. He had all but threatened him with death if he harmed her in any fashion, and Gareth went to great strides to make sure he didn't.

But then he began to wonder what he could do to prevent himself from hurting her. His mere presence was bad enough - he had a nasty tendency to mess things up, and on more than one occassion he had almost caused death to someone

around the village. The mere thought of killing her was more painful than anything that Felix could dish out.

He had wanted to ask Ivan for help, hoping that the mage had some idea as to how to fix his faults. But the lad had traveled with Sheba to find her origins. It didn't matter, though - the Jupiterian would probably just insult him as always and offer bad advice.

He considered asking Isaac or Piers, but they were always busy rebuilding Vale and helping the villagers to worry with him.

He had thought of asking Alex for assistance, but he knew all too well how the Mercurian had almost signed his own death warrant at the Venus Lighthouse. He couldn't ask Mia - she and Jenna were rather close, and any word of his asking would quickly find its way to Jenna.

And then she would reassure him that there was nothing wrong.

While he found it refreshing to know, the fact that he still heard jokes and insults caused himself to start caving in. Slowly and surely the notions began to gnaw at him, eating himself from the inside. He WAS an oaf; he WAS an idiot.

The fact that Jenna teased him about it didn't help matters any.

"Garet, what the hell are you doing?"

Blinking, he turned to see the owner of the voice. Had he lost himself so deep in thought that he didn't know who had spoken?

Turning around, he noticed Jenna, standing in the robe that Mia had made for her. Blinking, he wondered why she was awake at this absurd hour, wondering what she was doing up.

"I was just thinking, Jenna."

"Could you think yourself out of Felix's garden?"

Glancing down, Gareth almost jumped when he realized that he had trampled Felix's tomato and flower gardens. Backing out the way he came, he hung his head as Jenna approached.

"I'm such an idiot."

"No, you're not."

"Yes I am, Jenna. Don't say otherwise, we both know it."

A sharp pain on his cheek made him raise his head, and he stared into her eyes. Tears were starting to form, and he began to wonder what he had done to hurt her.

"Don't say that, Gareth. Just because some mindless morons make bad jokes about you doesn't make you what they say."

"But they're true! I'm stupid! I'm a klutz!"

"Only if you think you are, Gareth. If you think you are, you believe it, and then you act what you believe."

He stared at her, wondering where she got THAT from.

Apparently, she noticed his puzzled look. "I wrote Sheba, and Ivan wrote back saying that you should know that."

"Ivan said that?"

She nodded. He stared at her, surprised. He had expected the small mage to insult him to no end, or make fun of his problems. Odd.

"See, Gareth, not everyone thinks you're an oaf or an idiot."

"I managed to stumble into Felix's garden while thinking, didn't I?"

She simply smiled. "That's because you were so busy beating yourself up, right?"

"... Yes."

"So don't think too much into it."

"Jenna, I don't want to burden you with an idiot..."

Another slap hit his face, and the tears in her eyes almost flowed down her face. "DON'T SAY THAT! Gareth, I love you, but you have to understand - I love you for what you are, and nothing will change that."

He stared at her, kicking himself from hurting her again. Stepping closer to her, he pulled her to him, wrapping his arms around her. "Sorry, Jen. I keep messing things up."

"Damnit, Gareth. You know you don't. You're fine the way you are if only you would stop beating yourself up every time you make a little mistake!"

He wondered how hurting another's feelings could be considered a "little" mistake.

Sighing, he simply stood there, holding her in his arms. He raised his eyebrows when a small chuckle came from her.

"You do know that Felix is going to go ape over what happened to his garden, right?"

He froze in fear. "You won't tell him, will you?"

"I might be able to convince him to let it go, but there's a condition."

He stifled a groan - the last condition had gotten him in more trouble than he would have been in before she intervened.

"Yes?"

"Stop beating yourself up and get to bed!"

He chuckled along with her, trying to show her that he cared. In truth, he didn't know what to do. He had the daunting task of ignoring the insults to consider, and he still didn't know what to do to do things right.

"Go on. Felix'll probably be up in an hour or so to water the garden."

"What'll you tell him?"

"We were playing catch and you had to get the ball out of the garden."

"He's not going to buy that."

"If I tell him, he will."

Somehow, Gareth didn't doubt that. Felix was far more tolerable about his mistakes when Jenna talked to him. Privately, Gareth wondered what kind of blackmail she used to "convince" him...

"G'night, Jenna. Love ya..."

"Garet?"

"Hmm?"

She smiled. "Don't take forever to ask, ok?"

He smiled at her when he realized what she was asking. "Ok. I'll ask ya later."

"When?"

"When it would catch you offguard."

"So you're going to ask when Felix is around?"

He chuckled at her joke. "Maybe."

"Garet, I do love you."

"I love you too."

Hugging once more, they went their seperate ways, she to prepare to "chat" with her brother, he to go back to bed, and to consider a more daunting quest than to keep himself from making mistakes:

When WOULD be a good time to ask?

It's amazing how a fight with your mom and years of bullying can inspire a story... ^_^;;

T. Hamma - You were bullied?

For about eighteen years, yep.

Sheba - @_@

Sigh

This IS a one-shot, and the only way this will be continued would be with other one-shots... This is NOT a soon-to-be-chaptered fic, as Parallels is the only one that will have that title for a while. ^_^

Though a continuation with more one-shots MIGHT be considered if I get the time...lol

T. Hamma - MIKAA OWNS GOLDEN SUN AND NINTENDO
NOT! ASK HIM NOT IF HE OWNS THEM!

-_- Don'd talk that way... REVIEW! PLEASE!!!